You can't have him

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You can't have him

by NastyaY

Summary

An extended version of Johnny's thoughts during the altercation at the parking lot.

Notes

This movie left a deep impression on me, particularly the portrayed relationship between Johnny and Benny. Here's my two cents on Johnny's feelings. Hopefully, I did the characters justice. Kathy's quoted phrase still reverberates in my head.

“You can't have him.”

He's never been mine and he **never** will be. He doesn't belong to anyone.

“You can't have him.”

I offered him myself, my club, my life, my heart, anything he wanted.

“You can't have him.”

The only thing I have is memories of him, flaky bits and pieces etched into my brain.

“You can't have him.”

The world never had him and it never will.

“You can't have him.”

I touched the sun and it burned. And now I'm flying to the ground with my wings clipped. Soon the bullet will hit me and I'll be down on the ground where I belong.

“You can't have him.”

But he had **me**. He's had me for as long as I can remember, but he doesn't want me. Doesn't need me, not like I need him. I crave his presence like a thirsty man wandering the desert, like a drug addict searching for a dose, like an alcoholic begging on his knees for more liquor, like a psycho looking for pills. I say I need **nothin’** when all I need is Benny. Benny is my **everything** in the form of nothin’.

“You can't have him.”

I would have him in any way he allowed me to, as his friend, his leader, his mentor. But Benny asks nothing of nobody and he doesn't need nobody, certainly not Johnny. I said too much, was too needy, and voiced all my shameful wishes out loud and now he's **gone**. And I can't get my everything back.

“You can't have him.”

In the end, neither of us had him. And he had us **both**.

“You can't have him.”

If I close my eyes now, I can almost pretend he's here with me. It's for the best he isn't. He would have killed half of this crew before a bullet hit him too, and I need him to live.

"You can't have him."

I shouldn't want to have him. But I **do**. So much so it hurts. I'm about to die, and all I think about is Benny. Not my wife or my daughters. But the one I never had.

"You can't have him."

Don't worry, Kathy. Maybe **you can**. I hit the ground with a loud thud and I think about how I'm yours, Benny.

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